

The Critic and Good Literature

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In Praise of the Blackberry.

A DAINTY dish is the strawberry as served up with the delicate cream of praise by those who make rural nature their theme. The Muse smacks her lips, descanting upon the virtues of Fragrarian juices, but is silent as regards the pleasant gift of the bramble—the glossy, Ethiop-skinned, white-hearted blackberry! Perhaps the latter's unkempt haunts and its truculent setting do not invite her. Perhaps her objection is upon chromatic grounds: having so long used her fine eyes to admire the strawberry's vermillion hue, it is quite likely that nothing less brilliant can please her. Let her remember that the blackberry too was red—in its unripe youth—but did not choose to remain so, since, as quickly as it might, it donned this royal sobriety of coloring. To its true lover, this dusky child of the bramble speaks the language of Canticles:—'I am black, but comely.' There is no reason why these jetty racemes—jewel-drops cut in many rounded, polished facets, or berries compounded, each one, of many lesser berries—should not be as favorite a subject for decorative art as is the strawberry. It is strange that more is not said about the beauty of blackberry blossoms, when these so strongly exhibit the rosaceous family likeness. 'Bramble-roses faint and pale' is a verse that recurs as often as I see the snowy sprays of the blackberry flower flung over the rank green wilderness beloved by the briery kind. Also, the autumnal phase of the bramble deserves admiration, its leaves under the touch of frost assuming a deep maroon color, as though they had been steeped in wine a whole season through.

Come, whether the Muse will go with us or prefers to remain in tamer fields, come away to the 'slashing,' where the Maryland yellow-throat warns the visitor with, 'Witches here! witches here!' where the geometric spider constructs her silken theorems on the largest scale, where poke and silkweed make prodigious growth, and where a not mythic Briareus holds out in his hundred scraggy hands a sweet and spicy lure. In order to prize the blackberry at its full worth, it must be wrested from the ogreish genius by single-handed contest. Nature made the strawberry defenseless, but hedged the blackberry about with prickles, as though she especially prized it, in effect saying to the gatherer, 'These so-called small gains you shall not have without great pains.' It is a wide distribution—Europe, Asia and North America—which the genus Rubus enjoys; so we may suppose that the simile 'As thick as blackberries' has its equivalent in other vernaculars.

The charge of insipidity is frequently brought against the blackberry; but those who thus accuse it might do well to sharpen their palate. Any sagacious taster knows that there are as many flavors in the blackberry as there are varieties of meat in the turtle! This fruit, I would say, is a kind of edible record or *résumé* of the year's weather, embodying both its clemencies and its asperities. Here is one specimen that is all luscious kindness,—you feel sure that it could have been reared only by the sun and the south; here is another, so crudely sour and acrid as to suggest that the

east wind warped it in its infancy. This contrariety of flavors lends piquancy to the subject. Perhaps your blackberry is, after all, your true bitter-sweet berry.—There are brambles and brambles, some of high, some of low degree; else we will count the dewberry as only the common blackberry fallen into ways of sweet humility, travelling along the ground with its winy, well-flavored lading. A fine breakfast fruit, no doubt—invigorant and cheerer, if taken while the bead is upon it. The dewberry and the cloudberry (rare Alpine cousin of the bramble) were, surely, fit entertainment for one who journeyed by the high morning road. As a matter of fact, the only accepted time in which to go berrying is the morning. Then, you have as table-companions the birds, who take the ripest and best with loud conviviality among themselves, and many a witty jest at your inability to teach them good manners. You can scarcely come to the 'berry patch' so early that you will not find children here before you; nor, either because you have long been out of practice, or were never in practice, will the rough briars let down their purple-black fruitage as readily for you as to the nimble brown fingers of the children.

I take into account only the amenities of blackberrying; perhaps you would reckon in also the walk home under the hot sun, and the extreme probability that the tapestries of sleep will be figured with glimmering 'worlds of blackberries.'

EDITH M. THOMAS.

Popularity Not a Test of Merit.

A BEWILDERING array of figures has lately been going the rounds of the press, in the shape of estimates of the probable circulation of Mr. Blaine's book and of the author's supposititious profits—figures which have attained such proportions under the manipulation of the 'arithmetic men' of the press, that they approach the sarcastic estimate of a humorous journal, that the book would have a sale of five million copies and that Mr. Blaine's profits would be about twenty-five million dollars. The work, however, will have a large sale, for almost any subscription-book is reasonably certain of a wide circulation. The book-agent is irresistible. Some of the statistics of his conquering career are simply amazing. The late Albert D. Richardson, for instance, was one of the most popular of American authors, if the sale of books is the criterion of popularity, for two of his works, 'Field, Dungeon and Escape,' and 'Beyond the Mississippi,' had a circulation of 255,000 copies. Matthew Hale Smith's 'Sunshine and Shadow' sold to the extent of 100,000 copies. J. T. Headley's history of the Civil War found 150,000 purchasers. Fifty-five thousand copies were sold of 'Knots Untied,' a detective book; and like figures might be given by the column. And yet, of the long list of subscription-books, very few are of any permanent value, and fewer still belong at all to literature, in the real significance of the word. They are written and published 'for revenue only.' But they attain a circulation that is seldom reached through the regular trade. The most popular American novelist in the commercial sense is, perhaps, the Rev. E. P. Roe, and the first editions of his later novels have consisted of 25,000 copies—a most respectable number, but almost insignificant when compared with the figures of the subscription-books. And with what contempt would a publisher in that department look upon the 12,500 copies which constituted the first edition of Mr. Crawford's latest novel!

The fact is, and it is perhaps a rather consoling fact, the immediate popularity of a book has no necessary connection with its permanent value. Thus one of the most popular writers of our green and salad days was Mistress Fanny Fern. Her 'Fern Leaves' had a sale of nearly 100,000 copies, her 'Ruth Hall' of 55,000, and her 'Shady Side' of 46,000. Few books of their day equalled them in popularity. But where, oh! where are they to-day? Out of print and out of remembrance, every one of them. Another famous

literary woman of a generation ago was Fanny Forester—in those days our literature was prolific in Fanny Ferns and Fanny Foresters and Minnie Myrtles,—whose collected writings, in a two-volume edition bearing the title of 'Aldernbrook,' had a sale of 33,000 copies; and the biography of the amiable writer found 15,000 purchasers. Still another widely-known writer was Miss Cummins, whose 'Lamp-lighter' had a circulation of nearly or quite 100,000. Our fathers regarded 'Doesticks' as funny—and so he was, more or less—and bought 77,000 copies of his books; and, to offset the account, probably, they purchased 55,000 copies of that exhilarating work, Benton's 'Thirty Years' View,' and 145,000 of Kane's Arctic Explorations. To come down to later times, American readers have recovered from the Muhlback craze, just as people recover from the measles; but while the attack was at the height of its virulence, it was very acute indeed. The writer lost track of the Muhlback series at the sixteenth volume, but up to that point it had enjoyed a sale of 240,000 volumes, and the aggregate circulation must have been something astounding.

Figures to the purpose might be multiplied almost indefinitely, but perhaps enough have been given to point the moral. The gods of the hills are not the gods of the valleys. The literature of one generation suffers hardly at the hands of the next. And the stamp of popular approval is by no means the stamp of merit.

Reviews

Daudet's "Evangéliste" in English.*

Who is not glad of a new novel from Daudet? From Henry James, rejoicing over it as the most delightful literary event that can occur, and Joaquin Miller who, if he were not Joaquin Miller and could not be Victor Hugo, would be so happy to be Daudet, down to the young matron anxious to 'keep up her French' with something better than Zola and more enlivening than 'Picciola'—how all the world rejoices over a novel that is French without being Frenchy! The cynic seizes it for its keen, sharp, pungent criticisms of the worst phases of society; the lover of his kind turns to it for its unfailing hint that the sources of human nature are pure and might be kept pure; the friend of little children hovers with delight over pages so full of sympathy with little ones. 'L'Evangéliste' will prove worthy of the welcome that is ready for it. As a study of the cold-blooded, heartless, senseless religious methods of fanatics all over the world, who have given up the Inquisition, but who have invented a mental rack for their victims hardly inferior to it, the book is in many ways remarkable. The author has been roused to his work by a horror of the methods and teachings of 'Salvation Armies,' which has enabled him to picture their effects with intense vividness. He has so plain a contempt for the baker with 'Die here, that you may live above' over his counter, and the grocer who exhibits a sign, 'Set your heart on things above,' that it would seem hard for him to be just, to see any virtue at all in 'workers' who were 'almost all old, out of health, or deformed; women who saw no prospect of marriage, and who were glad to lay at the feet of God that which man had disdained.' He can apparently see no charm, no effectiveness, in such religious appeal, and it therefore seems at first a bit of literary carelessness due to bitterness of personal feeling that he allows Madame l'Evangéliste to convert pretty Eline Ebsen—young, happy, betrothed, and so averse at first to the inhuman theories of the 'workers' that she recoils in disgust, and refuses to translate their tracts even to earn the three sous a prayer which would be such a blessing to her pecuniarily. It soon proves, however, that in this conversion Daudet has found one of his most effective pictures: the girl has been induced to take prescriptions of drugs skilfully put together to deaden one set of faculties

and excite another. Yet in spite of this intensity of disapproval, Daudet has exhibited a justice toward the Evangéliste herself which is really extraordinary. Dickens, for instance, in taking up such a subject with such personal feeling, would have made the Evangéliste a wailing hypocrite, earning for herself a practical livelihood. But Daudet's Evangéliste is a woman of the world, not unattractive, wonderfully intelligent, deeply loved by her husband, and with an immense fortune, which she makes one of her resources in obtaining converts, each new communicant receiving a new suit of clothes or a gift of money. Nothing in the book implies that the woman was insincere or a hypocrite; she was simply in Daudet's eyes a horrible sort of woman with mistaken ideas. It goes without saying that although the story never wanders from the main point in hand, it exhibits a wealth of illustration and characterization that might have been diluted into four or five novels. The book is not long, but, like Brooks's bed at Dotheboys Hall, it is 'full.' He who buys it receives his money's worth. The power of the woman's money and position is admirably shown, as the poor mother whose daughter has been converted appeals to one after another for aid, to be met invariably with ready sympathy till it is suggested that the cruel offender is Madame Authenan; when—'Oh! ah! we did not know! of course,' etc. The pages glitter with sharp satire, yet the best of all is the sweet humanness which underlies all of Daudet's work. It is more than hinted at that the pretty reconciliation of Henri d'Arlot and his wife had policy in the background, but it is very pretty none the less; and which is best: the vivid and amusing rendering of the Dean's dread of his wife, or the brave surrender of the wife to her husband's eloquent nobleness? It is all good: intense, strong, condensed, vivid, sympathetic and interesting. In brief, it is Daudet's.

"The Elements of Chemistry."*

THE old-fashioned text-book of chemistry, in which the writer began by telling the young student all about the most abstruse matters in the science, in which definitions of words were rigidly constructed, carefully numbered and italicized, so that they might be committed to memory—this old-fashioned text-book is rapidly giving way to one of another and much more rational kind, which is intended to serve as an introduction to the study of the interesting facts which form the foundation of chemistry. Several books of the latter kind have been published, and they have done a great deal toward correcting the evils attendant upon the use of the older books. Professor Clarke's 'Elements of Chemistry,' which forms one of a series of Science Text-Books to be published by Messrs. Appleton & Co., is a welcome addition to what may be called the sensible text-books of chemistry. It is, for the most part, written in such a way that a beginner can understand what is said, and will be interested in what is said. Familiar facts are made to do duty as illustrations of chemical action, and by easy stages the learner is led to acquire a systematic knowledge of such facts as are essential to a general understanding of the elements of the science. Not only is he told that water consists of hydrogen and oxygen in certain proportions, that air consists of nitrogen and oxygen, and that water is contained in the air, but, what is of fundamental importance, he is shown how to prove for himself that the statements are true. Clear directions are given for the making of experiments which teach, and these are to be distinguished carefully from those which simply delight.

The statements of facts are accurate and show that the author is fully informed in regard to the latest developments of the science. Good judgment has been shown in the selection of the essential and the discarding of that which is not essential for the beginner. In this respect the author

* L'Evangéliste. By Alphonse Daudet. Translated by Mary Neal Sherwood. \$1. New York: Funk & Wagnalls.

* The Elements of Chemistry. By T. W. Clarke, Chemist of the United States Geological Survey. \$1.25. (Appleton's Science Text-Books.) New York: D. Appleton & Co.

deserves special commendation. He has not confounded the novice and the specialist as so many writers of so-called elementary books have done. Entire absence of evidences of pedantry is perhaps too much to look for in a text-book ; and we are hence not inclined to be severe because the ubiquitous structural formula for benzine is given in full on page 330. The good sense shown throughout the greater part of the book indicates clearly that, if Professor Clarke were asked point-blank whether he thinks that the beginner can make anything out of this formula, and whether it does the *beginner* the slightest good to exhibit it to him, he would with little hesitation answer, No ! Many references are given to works in which subjects are treated more fully than in this one. These ought to be of service to teachers and to the more intelligent students.

"Domestic Problems."*

THIS is a series of sensible, practical 'talks,' imploring women not to waste time on what may justly be called unnecessary drudging, by which the author means tucks, ruffles, and pies, more especially pies. Published originally two or three years ago, it is interesting to see that the world has advanced somewhat in these matters, even in that brief interval. Excessive plainness being now the fashion for children's garments, as well as for older wardrobes, it may justly be expected that tucks and ruffles will soon pass away with the thin soles and tight lacing that no one thinks now of indulging in. As for the pies—we fear there are still country people who need Mrs. Diaz's friendly remonstrances ; but woman's preference for martyrdom is chiefly to blame for the martyrdom she suffers herself to suffer. The trouble is, not that John likes pies, but that Mary goes on making pies. The truly heroic woman is not the one who, 'tired to death' but 'never complaining,' slips out into the kitchen to 'stir up a loaf of cake' or make a pie with her back breaking, and grudges every mouthful of the hard-earned pie that John makes havoc with. We hold that the man who is simply confronted with something good to eat, and never told what it has cost to make it, is not to blame for eating it and enjoying it. The truly heroic woman is the one who should dare to say, 'I didn't make pies to-day because I was tired ; but here is a dish of berries.' John may stare ; he may not quite like it ; but he will, to use the vernacular of pie-eating countries, 'admire her spunk,' and in time will learn to like fruit without its being embalmed in flour and water. The case, as we understand it from Mrs. Diaz's representation, is that Mary patiently makes pies when not strong enough to do it, waiting patiently for John to tell her not to do it, and surprised that he doesn't. But it is part of her subjection to man that she waits for his royal permission in the matter.

Mrs. Diaz greatly laments the general unfitness of women to bring up children. All that she says on the frightful ignorance of women on matters essential to health, disposition, and good management, is eminently true, and sensible, and wise, and timely. Her enumeration of what a girl ought to be taught, and what a mother ought to know, is indubitably correct. The only slip in the argument is this : a woman should know these things, not because she is a mother, but because she is a human being. Even if it were possible at the age of four to know exactly which girls were to be mothers or teachers and which not, we believe it would be the wisest and best course to give precisely the same instruction to all. What makes a wise, good and sensible woman tends to make a wise, good and sensible mother. All that the mother ought to know, the woman ought to know. No one could endorse more heartily than we do Mrs. Diaz's objections to the 'cram' in study which forces infinite detail on unimportant matters upon young children ; but we cannot go so far as to think it a waste for a woman who is to be a mother to learn the

particulars of the Punic wars. It is not what the mothers *do* know that injures them, but what they *don't* know. It is possible to combine the Punic wars with chemistry and physiology, and a successful mother must be able to keep ahead of her children's intelligence, as well as able to take the physical care of them that they do not understand how to take for themselves. By all means let us have the physiology and chemistry, but by no means let us discard the Punic wars.

From Faith to Doubt.*

IN THIS VOLUME a son of the Rev. Nehemiah Adams relates his religious experience, and how he was converted from being a strong religious believer to an attitude of scepticism. His early training was full of piety, and his faith took the form of an intense devotion and a literal interpretation of the Bible. Owing to poor health his early education was broken off, and he went to sea, rising rapidly to the position of captain. Here his religious devotion continued, and he exercised it in preaching and making converts ; and this continued even after he left the sea and became a merchant in Montreal. Gradually he was led away from this attitude of faith, and mainly because he saw so much diversity in belief and practice among those claiming to be Christians. The seventy pages given to this narrative of the author's religious experience are interesting and suggestive. It is evident that he did not have the intellectual preparation necessary to deal with some of the questions involved, and that he is now the same narrow-minded interpreter of religion which he was before. As he was credulous then, so is he credulous now. His reasons for becoming a rationalist are not very strong, nor are they forcibly presented. Following this narrative are a dozen and a half short essays in which the author presents various phases of his scepticism. The first of these was sent to his friends to announce his abandonment of Christianity. We do not wonder it made little impression on his friends, for it is weak in argument and sophomoric in thought. He found less immorality in heathen than in Christian lands, and therefore concludes that morality is independent of religion. The book is a good indication of what is now going on all about us in the religious world, and the influences which are acting on thoughtful men. It has some suggestions for Christian believers concerning the narrow and literal interpretation of religion, either in its sacred books or in its daily life. It has equally important suggestions for rationalists concerning a shallow interpretation of science and a too hasty rejection of what is trustworthy in religion. The author does not make these suggestions himself, but they may be found in his book by any person reading it thoughtfully.

"The Fainalls of Tipton."†

THOSE who remember a delicate but wonderful charm in the story of 'The Neptune Vase' will welcome a new book by Virginia W. Johnson, and 'The Fainalls of Tipton' will not disappoint them. The opening chapters, with an entirely unique plan for rousing curiosity, tempt one with an interest in the plot that never flags, sustained by an artistic sense of pleasure in the beautiful workmanship which has polished each sentence and touched each page with light and color as delicately and as deftly as Walter Fainall colored his artificial violets and lilies. The plot is absolutely intricate, without really seeming strained, and has the rare merit of being at the same time exciting and amusing. The greatest charm of the book, however, is in the characters. A host of people troop through the pages, and the wonderful part of it is that none of them are original types, while all of them impress one as something entirely new. We

* Travels in Faith from Tradition to Reason. By Robert C. Adams. New York : G. P. Putnam's Sons.

† The Fainalls of Tipton. By Virginia W. Johnson. \$1.25. New York : Charles Scribner's Sons.

have had in fiction many impecunious but undiscouraged inventors, many witch-like crones, many spinsters, many unprincipled but fascinating artists, many country clergymen's pretty daughters, many bold, bad girls with a red ribbon at the throat ; but never have we had just such pretty girls and bold girls, such crones and spinsters, such artists and inventors, as these. Still more wonderful is the fact that none of these people are remarkably virtuous or brave, those of them who are not actually far gone in frailty being lamentably weak ; and yet it is impossible to look down upon them. You cannot approve of any of them, but you like and sympathize with every one. This is wonderful art in dealing with fictitious human nature. The book, moreover, is full of delightful touches, like that of the naughty young artist begging the two young ladies in the orchard to let him sketch them, one comforting herself with the fact that although she is not so pretty as the other, she has on a much finer dress, only to find, when she gains a surreptitious glance at the sketch, that the artist is leaving her out entirely and representing the prettier girl as wearing her gown ! The story is one to give readers of widely differing tastes a rare pleasure.

"Mrs. Lorimer."*

'MRS. LORIMER' is called a 'sketch in black and white' from the fact that the heroine at the opening of the story appears in mourning for her young husband, and at the close 'in a gown of soft ivory-white cashmere, plentifully trimmed with rich old lace ;' the white, however, being symbolical not of second love and marriage, but of the shroud in which she is too soon enfolded. There are very few incidents in the book. From the first hundred pages we learn only that Mrs. Lorimer had lost her husband, that she went to live in the country with her aunt, that the Vicar felt sensations of pleasure in her presence, but that she pined for London, and that she decided to return there, to her aunt's displeasure. In the second hundred pages the movement is even slower. Mrs. Lorimer goes to London, her sister-in-law invites her to a dinner at which she meets a gentleman who, with great want of tact, sings beautifully a too-appropriate song, and who afterward engages, over afternoon tea, to teach her Platonic friendship. In the remaining pages the Vicar seeks her only to be repulsed ; she meets her first love who proves to be less interesting than she had supposed and on the verge of marrying, some one else, and she refuses to marry her Platonic friend for no reason perceptible to the reader, and returns to her aunt's, where she dies. This is all, and it is certainly very little ; but the padding is a series of short, pleasant essays on the events of every-day life which are certainly interesting and well-written. It is a book to be read quietly, not with any impatience to know the end ; and such as like digesting a chapter thoroughly will find much food for reflection, and tranquil enjoyment of 'good things,' in the keen analysis of character and motive, and the shrewd comments upon men and things. We are inclined to think that the best thing in the book is the portraiture of Mrs. Lorimer's aunt, Mrs. Mainwaring, with her opinion that 'people who live by their brains and their talents, instead of on their means, are always a little doubtful,' and the quarrel between her and her husband, as to Mrs. Lorimer's return to London, is simply delicious.

Minor Notices.

PROFESSOR J. K. HOSMER is the Plutarch who brings very vividly before us that typical American of the olden time, 'Samuel Adams, the Man of the Town-Meeting.' (No. IV., second series, Johns Hopkins Historical Studies). The brochure treats of the folk-mote, of Boston Town as a representative place where it met ; of 'Sam Adams' as a particular outgrowth of the system and a champion of the people, and of the town-meeting of to-day, 'that primordial cell of the body politic.' Mr. E. A. Freeman, the his-

torian, declared the New England town-meeting to be "a survival, or rather revival, of the most ancient form of Anglo-Saxon local self-government ; and it is in tracing its workings, in the personality of one of the most serious and picturesque figures of the Revolution, that Professor Hosmer reminds us of the interest and antiquity of one of our best-known New England institutions.

IF YOU WOULD like to see a page from the "Arabian Nights" materialized, first read the pretty little pamphlet on 'Cuba and Nassau,' issued by the New York and Cuba Mail Steamship Co., and then do what it tells you to do. If your mind is not quite made up after reading the description of what is to be seen in Cuba and Nassau, wander down to the wharf some time when the splendid steamer Newport is in port, and when you have discovered what is to be seen on board of her, your fate will be sealed ; especially if you should 'happen in' during one of the Spanish breakfasts which, we are told, is a fair sample of the meals served all the way out.

BY WHAT RIGHT the little book 'The Mother's and Kindergartner's Friend,' by Harvey Carpenter (Cupples, Upham & Co.), wears its title, we have failed to discover. The name is certain to mislead, and the mother or teacher who may send for it will be astonished to receive a series of brief dissertations on the human mind, the properties of mind, sensation and sense, reflection, reason, etc., interspersed with liberal quotations from President Porter, Locke, Sir William Hamilton and others, with a few facts about Froebel's life, and a few general remarks on the advantages of the kindergarten system, with admonitions to the effect that the kindergartner should be 'fitted by education and natural disposition for the important position which she is to occupy.' It contains nothing of any practical help, and we advise those who like Sir William Hamilton to read him in his own works. We quote, as an example of the average advice given, the following : 'We should, therefore, take the child at a very early age, even at or before the dawn of consciousness, and place it in the midst of such surroundings as shall lead it to take the initiatory step in that progressive course of development which is to conduct the little one from simplicity to complexity, from the perceivable to the undiscovered, from the finite to the infinite, from earth to heaven.'

THE author of 'Famous and Decisive Battles of the World'—Charles King, U. S. A., seems unaware that he has appropriated in part the title of Sir Edward Creasy's 'The Fifteen Decisive Battles of the World.' Instead of fifteen, however, the new compilation contains records of just three times that number of battles, and we may tell those who thirst either for gore or for condensation, that there is here plenty of food both for the sanguinary and the statistically inclined. The book is full of maps and illustrations, all poorly done, but the type is large and clear and the style is pleasant. The sources from which the details of these forty-five battles come are, in numerous cases, unapparent, so that the facts can neither be affirmed nor contradicted. In a book like this for popular perusal merely, this inexactitude may be pardoned. All the author proposes to do is to bring before the reader a series of epoch-making ancient and modern events, stripped of irksome minutiae and expressed in agreeable language. There is too much laudation of American generalship, to be sure ; there is just a trace of the 'Miles Gloriosus' here and there, more or less pardonable in a United States officer ; and the author's admiration takes rather too concrete a form and verges dangerously on hero-worshipping when it crystallizes round some great and splendid form ; but his book serves its purpose very well, and glows, if it cannot be said to sparkle, with genuine enthusiasm for its theme. One of the 'horrors of war' is usually the historian ; but this cannot be affirmed honestly of Captain King's book. (J. C. McCurdy & Co.)

*Mrs. Lorimer. By Lucas Malet. \$1. New York: D. Appleton & Co.

The Late Dr. Lepsius.

FIFTY years ago the Volney Prize of the French Institute was awarded to one whose subsequent course fully justified the selection. 'Palæography as an Instrument in the Study of Language' contained original and promising ideas. But the distinction was awarded to the young and brilliant Lepsius rather than to the work which he had actually accomplished. It was destined to be so through his entire life. Professor Max Müller, in his discriminating obituary in *The Academy* (July 19), says that Pfotter, where Lepsius received his earliest training, is one of the few public schools in Germany where boys live together as at Eton and Harrow. In the midst of traditions of mediæval learning, the old classical Oriental school inspired him with wide human sympathy, critical accuracy, and historical tact. He soon, however, manifested an independent judgment, ingenuity and originality, which instinctively inclined him to Egyptian studies, with the wide range which they offer to the speculative imagination. It was not until 1842 that he became a Professor at Berlin, and prepared for the famous expedition, projected by Bunsen, which resulted in the publication of 'The Monuments of Egypt and Ethiopia' (1849-59) and the founding of the Museum of Egyptian Antiquities in Berlin.

There is an apologetic tone in this notice, which is easily explained if one compares it with any of the biographies heretofore published. If 'many of the views of the Berlin Egyptologist have to be surrendered,' it is not simply 'because new inscriptions have brought to light new facts.' Nor was his reserve altogether due to a mere nobility of bearing. He was, to a singular extent, unwilling to set those right whom he had himself led into error. He never considered himself bound to aid in the advancement of a truth which militated against his own published views. One seeks in vain for the candor and the moderation which are written in every page of the French Academicians, his great predecessors, or for the good taste and common-sense which mark the writings of their successors, MM. Mariette and Maspero, and the English school of Wilkinson and Birch. In nothing was this more conspicuously manifest than his claim to the announcement of the true Lake Moeris, the exploration of the labyrinth, and the construction of the Pyramids by concentric layers, indicating the years of the Pharaoh entombed in each. Dr. Bunsen wrote in 1854: 'We must honestly confess that all these difficulties weighed with us [in 1846] against the new view' which reduced the vast lake of the Nile to a small and very shallow reservoir. 'We have returned to the inquiry with fresh eyes, after having learned many details, especially from the verbal communications of Lepsius as to the actual state of things.' In 1882 Dr. Lepsius knew from the article contributed to the *Revue Archéologique* that he had placed Lake Moeris in the only part of an area of nearly 2000 square miles which it had never occupied. He not only never corrected his inexcusable indorsement of Lenant's invention, but he shut up every avenue of approach, and made it a personal issue with a life-long friend. In the American Encyclopædia, under 'Lepsius' (and in the Encyclopædia Britannica, under 'Egypt'), Moeris and the Labyrinth are enumerated as enduring monuments of his research; but the Dutch Academy of Sciences (1884) has ratified the universal opinion that Mr. Cope Whitehouse has not only found Lake Moeris, and may restore it, but has shown that the mud-brick walls at Hawara are depicted with absurd exaggeration, and never could have formed any part of the true Labyrinth. Professor Max Müller confirms by his silence the conclusion that the friends of Dr. Lepsius agree with the Abbé Amelineau that a new impulse has been given to ancient history, and a very serious obstacle removed, by the refusal of the American traveller and student to follow the guidance of Dr. Lepsius in the maze of argument and error which bewildered Bunsen.

The Banjo Controversy.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

The Knights of the Banjo are fighting, I think, from different sides of the selfsame shield, nor does it seem to occur to them that there may be no real point of dispute.

The habits and dialects of the Southern negro differed in different parts of the land, quite as much as the white man's differ now in the north and south of England. What was natural enough in Georgia and Florida was wholly unknown in Virginia and Maryland. Even in different parts of the same State, and sometimes on two adjoining plantations, so evident was this dissimilarity that the negroes themselves would remark upon it. I have known, for instance, three plantations not more than five miles apart, the negroes upon each of which could be readily distinguished by their singular pronunciation of certain words. On one of these the whole intonation was more like that of the West Indian negro than anything else I have heard in America. A gentleman from Mississippi remarked to me that he had made like observations in his State, where the descendants of these Virginia negroes retain their dialect.

With us, in eastern Virginia, the banjo—or 'banjer,' as they call it—is the negro's own instrument. From my earliest childhood I can recall but one negro fiddler. The banjo, on the contrary, was everywhere heard, nor could there be any frolicking without it. What I have remarked as to different dialects may be seen, I think, in comparing 'Uncle Remus' with Mr. T. N. Page's 'Mars Chan' in *The Century*, or with any of the admirable contributions of Mr. Macon to the same magazine. These two gentlemen are both from Virginia, while 'Uncle Remus' is a Georgian.

JOHN B. TABB.

MR. HARRIS AND THE MESSRS. CABLE.

Mr. Joel Chandler Harris, having precipitated a discussion of the question whether the banjo is the 'typical musical instrument of the plantation negroes,' returns to the support of his position that it is not, in *THE CRITIC*, and intimates that George W. Cable and his brother, James B. Cable, disagree in the matter, so far as the Louisiana negroes are concerned. James B. Cable's attention having been called to Mr. Harris's statement, he sends the following note to *The Current*:

I notice in *THE CRITIC AND GOOD LITERATURE* of July 19 a contribution from Mr. Joel Chandler Harris on 'The Negro and the Banjo,' in which he intimates that I at least claim some knowledge as to the instrumental preferences of the negro of the Southern plantation negroes. [Sic.] Mr. Harris states the question fairly when he says—to quote from *THE CRITIC*—'The question is not whether the banjo is played by negroes here and there, but whether it was and is played to an extent sufficient to constitute it the typical musical instrument of the plantation negroes, and to justify the use it is put to by those who pretend to represent the negro.' Now, I do not pretend to a thorough knowledge of the habits and preferences of the negro in all the Southern States, but I do know the plantation negro of Louisiana and Mississippi, and, confining myself to them, I will say that among the negroes there I never saw nor heard a banjo, and I am glad of it, for, otherwise I should think less of the negro than I do. Immediately opposite my *ante bellum* residence in New Orleans, certain slaves used to collect in the moonlight and dance on the stone-flag pavement to the picking of the banjo in the hands of one of their number, a bright mulatto. Again in Baltimore in '75 I saw two negroes strolling through the city and stopping wherever the crowd had an open-handed appearance. One of these negroes carried a banjo which he picked, while the other had the jawbone. These are the only occasions on which I have heard a banjo played by a negro, and both of these were in the city. Hence my words in *The Current* of April 12, which Mr. Harris quotes correctly so far as my meaning is concerned. I then said: 'Where is the banjo of the minstrel troupe? Not in "the quarter" of the plantation.' The violin and the rude mouth-organ of graded canes I knew, however, as quite common among the plantation negroes of Mississippi and Louisiana. Of these, the latter seemed the favorite with the younger negroes, and the fiddle held that place in the esteem or, at any rate, the use of the elders. Mr. Harris's parting bow to me has been misconstrued. This is to say he has been understood as intimat-

ing the existence of a disagreement on this subject between Mr. George W. Cable and myself. There is no such disagreement but on the contrary, as I believe, our experiences agree exactly.—*The Current*, August 2.

The Lounger

A 'PRACTICAL phrenologist and physiognomist' displays a large photograph of Mr. Cable at the entrance to his office in Broadway, and to prove his ability to read a man's character even in his portrait, exposes just beneath it the following brief legend : 'Æsthetical, intelligent, secretive and slightly fastidious.' Mr. Cable is intelligent, æsthetical (in the better sense of the word), and, as a literary artist, exceedingly fastidious. If he is also secretive, as the physiognomical professor avers he is, how unpleasant must be this betrayal of the secret of his secretiveness !

MAJOR POND has the honor of introducing into literature what is known among theatrical folk as the combination system. 'Mark Twain—George W. Cable : Season of 1884-5' is his catch-title. This gives both stars a chance to play the title rôle at the same time. The circular issued by Major Pond is a marvel of adroitness, and he has shown himself very clever in not offending the *amour-propre* of either of his stars : 'These entertainments will be furnished by the two eminent gentlemen jointly. That is to say, each evening will be divided between them, so that the pathos of the one will alternate with the humor of the other, and the genius of both will be presented in a rapidly changing programme.' Mr. Cable and Mr. Clemens as 'lightning-change artists' will indeed be an attraction, but I am at a loss to see how Major Pond is going to divide Mr. Cable so as to cut the humor out of him. To do this he will certainly have to give him very different selections to read from those that delighted Chickering Hall audiences last winter. However, the manager's patent is the 'combination,' and I see no reason why it should not prove a success.

IT WAS WORTH the trip to Bedloe's Island last Tuesday to see General Hancock's cheerfulness under prolonged exposure to a chilling rain. From the beginning to the close of the exercises that marked the laying of the cornerstone of the Statue of Liberty pedestal, he stood amidst the handful of spectators that assisted at that ceremony, sheltered from the storm only by an umbrella held above his head by an orderly whose cap barely reached the General's elbow. Yet he bore this petty annoyance as creditably as he would have stood a shower, not of raindrops, but of cannister, chatting as good-naturedly with the friends and strangers who claimed his attention from time to time as if his legs had been comfortably bestowed beneath the dinner-table at his headquarters on Governor's Island. When Bishop Potter pronounced a benediction, and the day's work was done, the General marched off to his steamlaunch, wet to the skin, but with spirits still undamped.

The Art Age, 'a journal published primarily to stimulate improvement in book-making,' has just completed its first year and volume, and Mr. Turnure, its publisher, announces that it has not only succeeded, but has succeeded on its merits. This is gratifying intelligence ; for as Mr. Turnure justly observes, 'it is extremely difficult to make an art-journal succeed.' But he makes another statement, parenthetically, that is not so true—is not, indeed, true at all. It is this : 'Newspapers and periodicals are books.'

MR. TURNURE'S opinion on this subject is of comparatively little consequence ; but unfortunately the Secretary of the Treasury holds the same erroneous views. Our tariff admits newspapers and periodicals free of duty, but imposes a tax of twenty-five per cent on foreign books, and by a recent ruling of the Treasury Department, the binding together of newspapers transforms them into dutiable articles. *The Evening Post* puts the matter in a very clear light when it says : 'Our good tariff protects us against stale, but not against fresh foreign publications—that is, it protects us against a class of periodicals which does not compete with American periodicals, and gives no protection against the class which does compete.' Judge Folger's illiberal interpretation of the law is likely to hasten the day when foreign books, as well as foreign papers, will be admitted duty free.

I AM glad to see that the announcement of Mr. F. W. Whittidge's engagement to a daughter of Mr. Matthew Arnold is not another *Tribune* hoax. It is certainly a very pleasant sequel

to the distinguished critic's visit to this country, as it shows that he did not find us such egregious philistines as he had previously taken us to be. To a nation of irredeemable vulgarians he would hardly have confided the happiness of his daughter. Mr. Whittidge—who is about to do so much toward strengthening the bonds of amity between America and the mother-country—is a graduate of Yale, a college-lecturer, a New York lawyer, and an Independent Republican.

A STRONG plea in favor of Arctic expeditions is made by *Science*. When ten of the most enlightened governments in Christendom engage simultaneously in a certain line of investigation, it is urged, there is a strong presumption 'that the investigation is of profound importance to the world ;' and the absurdity is shown of the assumption that anything which is 'good for science' can be 'bad for men.' The scientific results of the Greely expedition have proved to be of great value, and it is proper that a plea for similar researches should appear in such a paper as *Science*. It is a minor matter that the writer misquotes Milton's familiar 'Peace hath her victories no less renowned than War'—a phrase which Mr. Blaine probably had in mind when he said 'We seek the conquests of peace,' though I don't suppose he was thinking just then of Arctic exploring expeditions !

SIR LEPEL GRIFFIN'S American publishers are determined to make a nobleman of him. They speak of him as 'the noble author,' 'an English nobleman of more than national reputation,' etc. There are a good many noblemen in England, and a good many men not noble who yet rank as noblemen by courtesy. Sir Lepel Griffin, K. C. S. I., belongs to neither of these classes. He is not even a baronet, and his title (such as it is) will die with him. He is a commoner, pure and simple—so simple, indeed, that he will doubtless derive a great deal of satisfaction from the accidental coupling of his name with the word 'noble' in American advertisements of his book.

"The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles."

ON another page we reprint from the *Boston Advertiser* a letter from a correspondent in Constantinople, in which an effort is made to discredit the recently discovered MS. of 'The Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.' The two communications published herewith are from persons well qualified to give their opinions on the subject under discussion. The first is from one of the translators of the American edition of the 'Teaching' ; the other from the learned editor of *The Independent*.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC :

In considering the letter published in the *Boston Advertiser*, it should be remembered that Constantinople is not London or Paris ; that the library under discussion, although more or less open to scholars, has not had at its head any one versed in the methods of European libraries ; that MSS. are frequently found stowed away in odd corners of even frequented buildings, in the East ; that the catalogues are very imperfect ; that the cursive Greek, with its ligatures and abbreviations, is extremely difficult to read, except for a well-trained specialist ; finally, that we know nothing, as yet, of the time when the newly-found MS. came into the possession of the library. There is room here for the inquiries of a bibliophile ; there is no adequate ground for a hint of forgery. So far is the jealous, and unreasonably jealous, care of the MS. from indicating a guilty conscience, that the absence of such unfounded and objectless jealousy among the Oriental guardians of a treasure like this would be unnatural and suspicious. The jealousy is instinctive—unreasoning,—a dread lest, in some mysterious way, the foreigner and heretic shall make some discovery and gain some fame which ought to be reserved for the orthodox scholar. One has only to read the accounts of Tischendorf's experiences at Sinai, or even the history of the Vatican Library, to find illustrations of a like spirit. I do not profess to know the priests who have charge of the Patriarch of Jerusalem's literary property in Constantinople ; I cannot prove that they are not the falsest of men, and do not practise forgery by night and delight in it by day, but

there is no evidence to this effect in the narrative of the Constantinople correspondent. And it is noteworthy that *The Independent* of July 31 publishes a letter from Professor Albert L. Long, D.D., of Robert College, describing the MS. from personal examination, without affirming or implying that any hindrance was put in his way. If Professor Long was in the library at the same time with the *Advertiser's* correspondent, the visit would seem to have left a different impression on his mind; if his visit was at another time, it appears that the curators, if guilty, are giving repeated opportunities to students to prove their guilt.

In closing, I wish to say one plain word: I do not know who the *Advertiser's* correspondent may be; he is certainly intelligent and tolerably well informed (not perfectly so, or he would have known, without asking, that the Jerusalem MS. had never been sent to Germany); but in his intimations that Bryennios is the most likely author of the forgery, if forgery there be, he is guilty of a covert and, for all that appears, utterly groundless attack upon a scholar of wide and high reputation. Such an attack is unworthy of the journalistic profession. It does not promote good morals, any more than it promotes good scholarship, to scatter gratuitous insinuations against a man of recognized ability and standing.

FRANCIS BROWN.

UNION THEOLOGICAL SEMINARY, NEW YORK, Aug. 5, 1884.

DR. WARD'S COMMENT.

TO THE EDITORS OF THE CRITIC:

I have had letters from both President Washburn and Professor Long, the principals in the attempt to photograph the 'Teaching,' to whom the correspondent of the *Advertiser* went. Neither of them has the slightest suspicion of the genuineness of the MS. The 'pig-headedness' of the custodian was the cause of all the trouble, and the only cause of it. I have in my office a copy of the photograph which was taken.

WILLIAM HAYES WARD.

OFFICE OF *The Independent*, NEW YORK, Aug. 2, 1884.THE LETTER IN THE BOSTON *Advertiser*.

During this century no literary discovery, genuine or spurious, has excited more interest than that of the 'Didachē tōn Dōdeka Apostólōn,' or the 'Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.' Notwithstanding the details of the supposed discovery may be familiar to the readers of the *Advertiser*, they are all so important in themselves and also so important in connection with what I shall say further on, that I wish to recapitulate briefly. In 1883 Bishop Philotheos—family name Bryennios, Metropolitan of Nicomedia, published in Constantinople with a lengthy introduction and copious notes the 'Didachē tōn Dōdeka' Apostólōn,' or 'Teaching of the Twelve Apostles.' This work Philotheos claimed to have discovered ten years previously, that is in 1873, when he was making researches in the library belonging to the Monastery of the Holy Sepulchre. This monastery, though situated in Constantinople, is the property of the patriarchate of Jerusalem; and hence in his notes upon the manuscript, Philotheos speaks of it as the Jerusalem manuscript. The reprint was dedicated by the editor Philotheos to two wealthy and enterprising Greek bankers, who are called in the dedication 'the ornaments (*egkallópismasi*) of our nation,' and who are reported to have furnished the money for its publication. The manuscript wherein the 'Teaching' was found did not consist of that treatise alone, but of many others. Altogether one hundred and twenty leaves were covered by eighteen different treatises. In ancient ecclesiastical writings leaves and not pages are counted, one side of the 76th leaf for example being numbered 76a and the other side 76b. What we should call the 151st page would be 76a and the 152d page would be 76b. The 'Teaching' commenced on the middle of 76a and ended at the close of 80b, thus occupying nine and a half pages in the very middle of the manuscript.

Some time ago Dr. Philip Schaff of New York wrote to a friend in Constantinople, saying he should be very glad to have a page of the *Didachē* manuscript, which he could publish with an article he was preparing. Application was at once made for permission to photograph a page. This permission was courteously and speedily accorded. Neither Philotheos, who although titular bishop of Nicomedia resides at Constantinople, nor the

archimandrite Polycarp, the epitropos or superior of the monastery, nor the priest Sophronios, the librarian, hesitated in fixing a day on which they would permit the photograph to be taken. This was to be done by a gentleman whose name I withhold, but who is well known in this empire and in America, who, in addition to other varied and versatile literary attainments, possesses much skill in photography. On the day appointed he went to the library with his photographic apparatus. The archimandrite and librarian were as bland as ever, but would not permit the gentleman to touch the manuscript. Selecting a certain page, and tying sheets of paper around the volume so that only the one open page was visible, and so that if taken in the hand, unless the strings were cut or broken, nothing could be seen but this page, the archimandrite said, 'Now, if you please, you can photograph that page.' The gentleman did so, feeling sure he was photographing a portion of the 'Teaching.' The cursive writing of the Eleventh Century is not easily read. After he returned home the gentleman was too busy with other duties to do more than strike off his photographs and commit them to the friend of Dr. Schaff, to be sent to America. After a few days he had more time at his disposal and he commenced to read one of the copies he had made. Behold! to his astonishment the photograph he had before him was not from the end of the 'Teaching,' as he had been informed, nor from any part of the 'Teaching' at all. It might be from the manuscript containing the 'Teaching,' but, at best, it was no more a part of it than the concluding chapter of the Apocalypse is a part of the gospel of St. Mark, notwithstanding they may be found together in the same book.

Determined to correct at once what he thought might be an unintentional error, he invited me to accompany him on a journey of rectification to the monastery. This invitation I gladly accepted. We grasped the first opportunity and went together. Again there was the same suave, graceful welcome which none know better how to extend to each welcome or unwelcome guest than the ecclesiastics of the East. The bishop Philotheos does not live in the monastery, and was not present. We were received by the archimandrite Polycarp and the priestly librarian Sophronios. Stating as soon as possible the object of our visit, both archimandrite and librarian stoutly asserted that the photograph was taken from the concluding part of the 'Teaching,' and that we were mistaken in thinking it was not. Though we talked with them in Greek, they had no idea we were able to read the foreign and grotesque characters of the text. When we did read the photograph to them, however, and demonstrated clearly that instead of a page from the 'Teaching' we had a photograph of the concluding page from one of St. Ignatius's epistles—that to the Romans—they changed their ground and asserted it made no difference, inasmuch as the 'Teaching' and the epistle were in the same manuscript and had been copied there by the same scribe. At last they allowed us to take the manuscript into our hands and turn over the pages, these two chiefs and four other priests watching us most narrowly all the time. Then they declared that they had never given or intended to give permission to photograph any part of the 'Teaching' itself, but only a page from the manuscript wherein the 'Teaching' was found. Then we entreated we might be allowed to photograph what of the 'Teaching' was found on leaf 76a (page 151), consisting of only three lines. We were courteously but absolutely refused. These three lines, though apparently by the hand of the same penman, were written with ink of a different color from what preceded. To our earnest argument that such refusal on their part would be calculated to throw suspicion on the genuineness of the work, they kept repeating, 'We cannot allow it; we cannot allow it' (*Den eimporoumen, den eimporoumen*). Request, entreaty were utterly in vain. It was impossible to move them in the least. Both my friend and I tried every argument that would have any weight with an Eastern mind. It was all in vain.

One of two things was evident: either the permission to photograph had not originally been granted in good faith, being given with deliberate purpose to avoid its fulfilment, or if at first given in good faith, for some reason they had afterward changed their minds and gone back on their promise. One thing we did accomplish: we saw, though so briefly and most unsatisfactorily, what no other Americans have ever seen, that was the original of Philotheos's 'Teaching,' not the first original, of course, but the copy purporting to have been finished on the 11th of June, in the year 5564 (1056 A.D.), by the hand of Leo, notary and sinner, the very manuscript Philotheos claims he discovered. For perhaps seven minutes altogether I had the manuscript in my hand. I never used my eyes in intenser scrutiny. I am not ready to say I believe the work a forgery; I am far from stating that I believe

it to be genuine. My request to be allowed to come to the library and study the manuscript was courteously but decidedly refused. When in expostulation I said, 'But have you not allowed other scholars to study it? Have you not even let it go to Germany?' both Polycarp and Sophronios asserted that never since it was written had it been outside of Constantinople! that Philotheos made an exact copy of it, and that from his copy editions had been printed; and that if one wanted to know about the 'Teaching' it was enough to study and read those editions. Now for the learning of Bishop Philotheos I have the profoundest respect. There is probably no man living who can better decipher Greek manuscript of any age than can he. Every style and variation of style in Greek writing is as familiar to him as A B C to a New England schoolboy ten years old. But however honest he may be and however wise he is, in the accumulated accuracy of wisdom of twenty decipherers I have more confidence than in the wisdom of any single one. The shrewd Protosyngelos Dorotheos, who afterward became an archbishop, more than once mistook *sun* for *san*.

Now, in conclusion, I have four things to say. (1) The library of the Holy Sepulchre in Constantinople possesses less than 600 manuscripts. No library of any monastery has been more easily accessible, and it has been often ransacked. It is strange, at least, that it was reserved to the year 1873 to become, by this discovery, what *The Independent*, in an enthusiastic editorial, calls an *Annus mirabilis* therefor. (2) Any volume in that library can probably now be consulted and studied by any scholar from any land or church, or can be freely photographed, except 'No. 476,' which contains between its seventy-fifth and eightieth leaves this 'Teaching.' (3) If any such forgery was ever to be made, it could be made only by a Greek and a Greek ecclesiastic. If any man were ever to make such a forgery there would be none intellectually more capable of its accomplishment (having reference only to his patristic and mediæval learning) than the present most erudite occupant of the Nicomedea See. (4) The ready credulity with which American scholarship has welcomed this book—whether that credulity be exercised toward a hoary relic of the second century or toward a cunning counterfeit made to-day—is to be deeply regretted. The great name of Harnack, who Priest Sophronios and Archimandrite Polycarp declare never has seen the manuscript my friend and I held in our hands, has been sufficient to drag after him American editors, professors and reviewees like a flock of sheep.

Two months ago I asked the ablest Greek critic in Athens for his opinion concerning this book. His reply was, 'Just as soon as I have made up my mind I will let you know.' I have not received his opinion yet! I asked a very learned Englishman, a bishop of the Church of England, what he thought of the 'Teaching,' and he answered, 'We are not so fast about these things as you are in America; we will wait and see.' It would be well, too, if we sometimes would 'wait and see.'

Emerson and the Concord School.

A LECTURE by Dr. W. T. Harris 'on' 'Emerson's Relation to Goethe and Carlyle' sufficed to nearly fill the Hill-side Chapel at Concord on Tuesday of last week. The Boston *Advertiser* gives the following as the substance of the address :

By common consent Emerson is joined with Carlyle as co-author of the stream of influence which has acted so powerfully on the thinking and literary expression of the nineteenth century. Other sources of the same stream of influence are Coleridge and Wordsworth. The latter, Wordsworth, indeed, stands for the great English poet of the century, with a large and increasing number of highly cultured people. Poetry performs the office of imposing a spiritual view of some sort upon the world as it exists for us. The poet passes it through his mind and forthwith his version of nature, of men and things, is accepted by his readers and becomes their view of the world. There goes with poetry music of rhythm and rhyme, but that is less essential than the trope and personification by which the poet makes over the things of the world into means of spiritual expression. They were before prose facts, mere opaque things; now they become transparent, and a sort of spiritual light shines through them. They express facts of human experience, facts that were unutterable before. The deep spiritual truths which could not be communicated nor even conceived clearly, now by the poet's aid become expressible in trope and metaphor, and, through the personification of natural things, the invisible is now visible. This junction of revelation, of spiritual experience, and the structure of our moral and intellectual selves by poetic language

goes on from age to age. There are facts of various degrees of universality. Homer's revelation underlies all our literature, all the literature of European civilization. He taught man to recognize in nature the presence of human spirit. Every object is an expression of some spiritual being, the fountains, groves, mountains, streams, clouds, winds, waves, plants, animals, all express, in their motions, sounds, appearances, some passion or meaning of invisible conscious beings. The great poets after Homer have taken new themes, new experiences of the inner world of man, and found their expression in terms of correspondence with external nature. Dante has revealed thus the inner world of Christianity, Shakspeare has made visible the genesis of human institutions from the individual man. Goethe is the revealer of a new phase of human experience, of still deeper and subtler spiritual laws. Goethe shows the individual as the result of institutions. All returns to the individual. The institution which man generates and places over himself as a supreme self to nurture and preserve him, educates him. All that he gives to it returns to him. By sufficient intelligence he shall be able to turn all manner of fortune into blessing. The attitude of the individual toward the world is all-important. The Christian religion had taught from the beginning the germ of this doctrine. It is the attitude of the soul toward the world that determines its state of weal or woe. The soul in the 'Inferno' of Dante seeks directly the gratification of its finite wants and desires, careless of the welfare of its fellows. This produces collision. The individual against society, the one against the many, fights to lose the battle. Pain is the only result. The individual has neglected his higher self, the social whole, and has assumed his completeness as a mere individual without institutions. But he is, after all, a mere fragment, and by selfish isolation maims and wounds himself. But in the 'Inferno' the soul pursues this hopeless struggle of selfishness against altruism, growing more deeply embittered against his fellow-men and the universe. This attitude changes in the 'Purgatory.' The individual sees the nature of his sin and repents. He strives to reunite himself to his higher self by conforming to institutions, family, civil society, nation, church. He gradually eliminates from himself the habits and tendencies of antagonism and selfishness.

What, then, is the 'Paradise'? The state of soul wherein the individual lives in conscious harmony with institutions—the state wherein he enjoys the complete fruition of higher self. He sees and feels his unity with all, and he enjoys the life of all. All returns to him. He has found that by giving all he receives all. Selfishness has given place to love. The natural consequence of the Christian revelation unfolds by and by this idea of culture of the individual, not as a different revelation, but as its own result. Goethe is the world-poet of this movement. He shows in the 'Faust' that if the individual would find a permanent state of belovedness and be able to say to the happy moment, 'Stay, for thou art fair,' he must energize not against the institutions of the world, as he does in the first part of the drama of 'Faust,' nor attempt to find his supreme object in any subordinate institution, as in the second part of the drama. He must find the 'Paradise' in altruism. Only the reflection of the well-being of others can fill his soul with gladness that does not weary or turn to sorrow. Accordingly Goethe, in the last scene of the second part of 'Faust,' paints the four phases of Christian history in the three typical holy fathers and the *Doctor Marianus*. The perfection of the soul by asceticism in *Pater Ecstaticus*—repelling the social world for the sake of personal salvation—is an imperfect Christianity, because it preserves the form of selfishness, although it practises supreme renunciation. The recognition of divine reason in nature by *Pater Profundis* is still partial, because only a theoretical attitude toward the world. *Pater Seraphicus* is higher, because he actually engages in the work of lifting up others toward perfection, using his knowledge to illuminate the imperfect. *Dr. Marianus* announces the view of the world on which this is all based—the doctrine of grace. It is what Goethe calls in his great prose-romance, 'the worship of sorrow.'

The lecturer here quoted from the 'Wilhelm Meister' the passages relating to the three forms of reverence and the three religions based on them—the ethnic religion, the philosophical religion, and the worship of sorrow, or the Christian religion. In this idea of the worship of sorrow, Goethe rises to his highest and purest thought, and joins his own epoch to the preceding epoch. History is made continuous. Without this insight the modern world breaks off from the old world with the idea of individual culture, and reverts to a sort of barbarism. Refined selfishness, enlightened self-interest, cold, calculating understanding, supreme individualism is the dry rot of character, it is the special form in which the diabolic makes its appearance,

in our age of science. This is the meaning of *Mephistopheles*, whose spiritual import is so well expressed by Emerson in his 'Representative Men.' *Mephistopheles* is the devil that tempts men of culture, not merely nor chiefly in sensuous things, but rather in sceptical coldness toward one's fellow-men. The preference of one's higher self, it may be the higher self of culture, of refined truth, insight, purity that keeps aloof and is Pharisaic, is Mephistophelean. This element—the element of Goethe's devil—strange to say, is the only element that is generally recognized as Goethe's god. Olympian serenity and self-seeking in the midst of all the sorrow and evil that prevails in the world is supposed to be Goethe's ideal. Even Emerson, our piercing seer, discovers only that in him. The lecturer quoted long passages from Emerson to illustrate this view, and to show that Goethe was understood to be 'incapable of a self-surrender to the moral sentiments.' 'Goethe did not worship the highest unity.' Emerson, however, sees clearly the high place that Goethe occupies in literature, and in the wonderful poem, 'The Test and the Solution,' places him with Homer, Dante, Shakspeare and Swedenborg, as one of the five world-poets inspired by the immortal muse. Both Goethe and Dante, in their greatest works, 'Faust' and the 'Divina Commedia,' were, however, not personal favorites of Emerson, who placed them among the immortal five rather from seeing their place in the history of literature than from seeing the validity of their messages.

The relation of Carlyle to Goethe and to Emerson was next taken up and the difference in their view of the world discussed. Passages from the Emerson and Carlyle correspondence were quoted to illustrate this. It was asserted that the three seers agreed in preaching the doctrine of our time. This is the age of science, the age of freethinking—of ascent out of conventionalities and mere prescription, out of ignorant obedience to law and custom into individual insight, into the necessity of law. 'Be a law unto yourself' is the command addressed to each. Goethe alone, however, has seen the problem in the totality of its relations. He has given its entire history in 'Faust' and shown what is substantial in state and church. Carlyle has seen the substantiality of the nation in history and bent his whole force on the work of eradicating shallow views of the province of reform. But he has upheld not so much the state in its aspect as an institution as a means for the individual manifestation of heroism in the ruler! This shows that he has solved the problem of institutions in a one-sided manner, and is affected with the disease incident to the age of individualism. Emerson has more nearly approached Goethe, and has kept before him the central problem of the return of all good from institutions upon the individual. He has not, however, devoted his mind to the study of any forms of institutions.

In the evening of the same day, M. René de Poyen Belleisle gave 'A French View of Emerson.' The following account of the speaker, and report of his address, which was delivered extemporaneously, in his own language, is taken from *The Evening Post*:

M. de Poyen is a young scholar from a family near Belleisle, in South-western France, some of whose members settled in Guadalupe, where his mother is now living. He studied in Paris, and has been for three years in this country, residing in Portland, Maine, where he learned English from Rev. W. R. Alger. He is a lover of English literature, as well as of Molière, Montaigne and Lucretius, and has been especially drawn to American literature by the Concord authors—particularly Emerson and Thoreau, whom he has read and studied as few Americans now do. He is also a student of Shakspeare and Wordsworth—esteeming the sonnets of Shakspeare 'the flower of English poetry.' He has translated some of these into French verse, which he writes with vigor and felicity, as will appear by his translation of Emerson's 'Rhodora,' recited by him last night, and by his sonnet to Emerson, which closed his essay. As it sums up what he said, however, in the hour that he spoke, it may be given here, first of all, for his prose criticism was but an expansion of this apostrophe:

TO EMERSON.

Penseur ! en te lisant, j'apprends à me connaître,
Et je deviens moi-même, en écoutant ta voix ;
Tu parles comme un homme, et non pas comme un maître
Car tu veux simplement montrer ce que tu vois.
L'univers est réglé par d'éternelles lois—
Il faut que l'homme accepte, et sache se soumettre ;
Mais il augmente ainsi la force de son être,
Il grandit s'il incline en se disant, 'je dois.'

On t'appelle écrivain, philosophe ou poète,
Mais de l'âme, pour moi, tu fus un grand prophète,
Et je te nommerai mon guide et mon sauveur ;
Car tu m'as éclairé d'une vive lumière.
Grâce à toi, je suis prêt à fournir ma carrière ;
Mon cœur s'est enflammé de ta noble ferveur !

TRANSLATION.

When I read thee, myself I learn to know,
And more my own become in hearing thee ;
For what thine eyes have seen thy volumes show ;
Friendship thy teaching is, not mastery.
The eternal, beauteous laws, whose fixed decree
Man must accept unquestioned, bending low,
From these, obeyed, our being's might shall grow,
We rise to heaven, when Duty bows the knee.
This was thy lesson, poet, seer, or sage !
Whate'er they name thee, to my soul thou art
A prophet of the Lord ! my kindled heart,
Glowing from thy clear torch, can read Life's page,
And, thanks to thee, doth know its place and age ;
Wisdom, salvation, love, thy words impart !

It was as a religious or oracular poet that M. de Poyen chiefly considered Emerson; but he also spoke of him as a philosopher, a reformer, and a man, regarding his life as the most important commentary on his writings, and as conveying, by example, the same teaching that his books contain. Among many other good things to which the audience attentively listened, in the clear and musical French idiom, he said :

Emerson is a poet, but we need not here compare him with other poets, or inquire what he has *not* done, or what he might have done. If the poet's work is a mirror in which all nature finds faithful reflection; if on reading his verses we hear the rustle of the leaves, the roar of the tempest, the growl of the passions, and the sighs of love for all that is most tender and delicate—that poet's name is on all lips; it is Shakspeare. But Emerson's place among poets will also be among the first and greatest; his poetry belongs to [that class which blends with religion itself. God, nature, man—these form the eternal subject of human speculation. It seems to me that Emerson's work may be gathered and summed in the single word—God. Whatever be the subject treated by him—whatever be his position on the circumference—we are always sure that he will follow the ray that infallibly leads him to the centre. Emerson is not a metaphysician, and therefore we are not required to fathom his views concerning the nature of God. He believes in a personal God, as I think; though it would be unfair to limit his idea of divinity to what he says about God.

The lecturer did not agree, of course, with Matthew Arnold's estimate of Emerson, though he spoke eulogistically of that English pupil of Sainte-Beuve, and also of the article by John Burroughs in *The Century* on Emerson's style, though he did not agree wholly with that either. He had evidently read Emerson's poetry quite as attentively as his prose, and how well he understands it may be seen in this version of that well-known poem beginning

In May, where sea-winds pierced our solitudes.

THE RHODORA.

En Mai, lorsque des vents, les souffles sont moins rudes ;
Je vis le Rhodora parer nos solitudes ;
Il étais ses fleurs tremblantes sur les eaux,
Pour charmer le desert, l'onde entre les roseaux ;
Ses petales flottaient, éclatantes et belles,
Sur le sombre ruisseau qu'égayait sa beauté ;
Le Cardinal fut pu, tout pâle à son côté,
Pour courtiser la fleur venir baigner ses ailes.
Rhodora ! les sages demanderont pourquoi
Ce charme sur la terre est gaspillé par toi ?
Reponds, que si pour voir l'œil s'ouvre à la lumière,
D'être, aussi, la Beauté, s'excuse à sa manière.
Si de te voir ici mon âme s'étonna,
Je n'ai rien demandé, Rivale de la rose !
Mais dans mon ignorance humblement je suppose
Que le même Pouvoir qui t'y mit, m'y mena.

On Wednesday evening the Rev. George W. Cooke, Mr. Emerson's biographer, set forth what he regards as 'Emerson's View of Nationality.' The conclusion of his essay ran as follows :

No one could more clearly recognize than Emerson has done that literature must be the outgrowth of life, that it must proceed

from thought, sympathy and experience. He never ceased to criticise us for the spirit of imitation. Yet urgent as was his demand that we should be American and individual, foregoing the past and trusting to present inspiration, he was himself essentially a cosmopolitan, admiring what is excellent wherever it is to be found. These seemingly antagonistic tendencies in Emerson were, in reality, quite in harmony with each other. He went to the literary masters, not for models, but for quickening of heart and mind. Emerson felt what all the literary initiators have felt—the need of liberating the human spirit from the bondage of oppressive forms. He wished to do for America what Lessing did for Germany—throw off the influence of ideals not in accordance with the genius of his own country. Emerson's faith in America is justified, whether we trust in the capacities of the individual soul, or whether our expectation grows from the promises of a new civilization. As no nation or time ever did before, America brings together the races of the world, and it centres in itself the freshest impulses of an age full of activity and daring. Its freedom from traditions of its own, after the pattern of which it would need to live and walk, gives it the opportunity to acquire the traditions of all lands from which it takes its great population. If the anticipations of Emerson were in any degree correct, the literature representing America will have in it the spirit of freedom and equal rights, recognition of man wherever and however found, trust in the powers of nature and the mind, and an abiding conviction that the life of the world is that of spiritual intelligence. America has two ideas which stand out distinctively—individuality and freedom. These national qualities are in the mind and writings of Emerson. It is the thought which finds constant expression in his poems, addresses and essays; it kindles his most eloquent ideas about the future of mankind. National and yet cosmopolitan is the American he believed in so earnestly. It is a higher type of national being he cherished, that finds its noblest memories and its truest heroism in the direction of the advancement of humanity. It is the peaceful, human, sympathetic interests to which we give ourselves as Americans, and the ideals of the future are to be formed after this type. The national ideal will cease to be selfish, and will take form around the thought of one common humanity, giving to freedom and justice the heritage of our best hopes.

It is proposed to hold a two-weeks' session of the School next year, at which the general topic to be discussed will probably be 'Goethe and Modern Science,' including a view of evolution, as well as of the philosophy and poetry of Goethe.

Asunder.

[Hugh Conway, Author of 'Called Back,' in *The Christian Union*.]

ONCE, when the sun, in slowly dying splendor,
Sank, sending crimson smiles across the sea ;
When, in the twilight, eyes looked true and tender—
'Tell me,' you said, 'how great your love for me.'—
Darker and darker grew the sea before us ;

Turning, I saw a shadow at your side ;
Mist filled the sky and hid the pale stars o'er us ;
As those who speak in dreams my lips replied,
'Some measure love by gold,
By endless time, by soundless sea ;
But I—I love you well enough
To leave you, Love, if needs must be.'

Words, thoughtless words ! but breathing doubt forbidden ;
Fears, foolish fears ! that love must lull to rest—
Not you or I knew then the meaning hidden,
Veiled in those words you deemed an idle jest ;
Now, Love ! with paths divided, hands asunder,
Now we have learnt the meaning, you and I,
Hid in the misty sky, the dark sea under,
Hid in those words I spoke, and knew not why—
'Some measure love by gold,
By endless time, by soundless sea ;
But I—I love you well enough
To leave you, Love, if needs must be.'

Current Criticism

GUIZOT'S MANY-SIDEDNESS :—There is a Guizot, the Guizot of history, whom most of us know fairly well. He stands out as a prominent figure among the men who were great during the first half of this century. From 1840 to 1848 he ruled over the des-

tinies of France ; and as we look at him during that culminating period of his career, we get an impression of dogged will, stern tenacity of purpose, unswerving self-reliance, combativeness, austere power. We seem to see him as he appeared in the great parliamentary contests of those days pitted against such orators as Thiers, Berryer, Dufaure, and Lamartine. We seem to see him as Rachel saw him when she declared—it was at a stormy debate in the Chamber—that she would have liked to act with him in tragedy ; or we see him again as he stood on the tribune, flinging scorn at the angry mob of his opponents, and crying to them, 'You may heap together as you will your wrath, your insults, and your calumnies ; you will never raise them to the level of my contempt.' Nor does the man's public character vary at all in other less striking periods of his life, or when viewed under other aspects. Few careers have been more consistent. What he was as Louis-Philippe's first Minister, that he had been, in earlier years, as a publicist, a lecturer on the history of civilization, a deputy ; that he was also, after the ruin of his cause in 1848, as the historian of his own times, as the strenuous defender of orthodoxy in the French Protestant Church. Throughout out there is the same self-confidence, the same determination to acknowledge no error and accept no defeat, the same austerity and strength. 'Guizot la force, et Thiers l'adresse,' says Victor Hugo, contrasting the two great rivals ; and power rather than grace, or pliability, or feeling is certainly the chief characteristic of Guizot as a statesman and writer.—*F. T. Marzials in the Academy.*

RECEIPT FOR NOVEL-MAKING :—'How English novels are made ; by the men (and women) who make them.' Perhaps this will be the next invention of ingenious journalism ; but, unless the novelists have something more to tell than the playwrights, we shall none of us be much the wiser for their revelations. According to 'the men who make' the plays, indeed, they do not make them at all ; the plays make themselves. If we are to take most of them at their word, their part is merely receptive and mechanical ; but that is because they have minds breathed upon by the breath of genius. If the ordinary man were to make up his mind to follow this method, we fear his play would never get written at all. But with our playwrights who have 'lipped the brim of Helicon' it is different ; the idea of a play, or, as one of them prefers, a play without an idea, 'comes to them' ; and after a longer or shorter period of incubation, passive, but painful, they are suddenly seized with a fine creative frenzy, and lo ! the play is written before they are well aware of it. Somehow we have an idea that novelists, or most of them, could give us, if they would, a little more substantial information about the way in which their novels get written. One method at any rate we feel sure must be prevalent among young lady novelists, of the innocent kind, which may be styled the domestic method, or method of amateur collaboration. . . . The process is akin to that of making up impromptu charades or scenes for dumb-crambo, only that the collaboration which of course is casual, and more or less accidental, is confined to two or three young ladies in the confidence of the authoress.—*The Saturday Review.*

THE YALE CHAIR OF LITERATURE :—I have received no call to the chair of English literature at Yale College. My financial condition is not such as to warrant my giving up business, as yet, nor could I spare the time necessary to fill such a position satisfactorily, from my other literary work. I have enough of this already to fill all my spare time for the next three years, and even as it is I am somewhat behindhand with it. These facts are well known to my friends in New Haven and would preclude all probability of such a call being made. Besides I feel that I am too old a man for the place. If it had been offered me when I was thirty-five I would have accepted it. Yale should find some one of her young alumni ; some man who would enter into his work with enthusiasm, who would grow up with the college and whose whole life and interests would centre in it. This course has been pursued by Harvard with the best results. I think that Mr. Beers—the present junior professor—should be made Professor of Literature. Professor Lounsbury has already made his mark in the world of letters, and is a man of great literary taste and feeling. The rumor that started last spring that an English writer would be called to fill the position, I consider only a rumor. Such a course would meet not only my own, but most general condemnation, I feel sure.—*Mr. E. C. Stedman in The Tribune.*

IRVING AND TERRY IN TWELFTH NIGHT :—Mr. Irving's Malvolio blends gravity, arrogance, and even in the last scene a

species of ferocity, with complete unconsciousness of ridicule, the effect of which is excellent. So skilfully avoided is the species of buffoonery frequently assigned a character which, in comparatively late years at least, has been played by low comedians like Munden and Liston, Mr. Irving may probably claim to be the best Malvolio the stage has seen. He has as yet, however, scarcely beaten out fully his idea, and his pragmatism, which is well conceived, will be the better when the fatuous aspects which are indicated obtain increased prominence. His delivery of the exit speech, 'I'll be revenged on the whole pack of you,' is a complete departure from precedent, and seems like an attempt at a partial rehabilitation of the character. It at least renders more than commonly difficult the task of those who are bidden by the Duke, 'Pursue him, and entreat him to a peace.' Miss Terry's Viola is sweet, graceful, and tender, and not wanting in humor. The more piquant speeches were gayly and effectively delivered. In the more sentimental speeches, however, we should have been glad of the addition of feminine costume. Like some of her most distinguished predecessors, Miss Terry is so essentially feminine that the species of daring which justifies the assumption of a masculine dress seems wanting.—*The Athenaeum.*

Notes

MR. THEODORE ROOSEVELT has recently become a silent partner in the firm of G. P. Putnam's Sons, Mr. Folsom, so long known in connection with that house, having resigned.

Messrs. Putnam are preparing an *édition de luxe* of Edmondo De Amicis's 'Holland.' Mr. Oswald Crawford's very bright novel, 'The World We Live In,' will be published at once in their Transatlantic Series. Mr. Crawford, who has been British Consul at Oporto for ten or twelve years, is not unknown to literary fame, but this is his first appearance as a novelist.

The Rev. Dr. Baird, of Rye, has written a history of the Huguenot emigration to, and colonization in, America, which Dodd, Mead & Co. will publish in the fall. Dr. Baird is a brother of Professor Baird, whose work on the Huguenots has become a standard.

There is no more interesting announcement on James R. Osgood & Co.'s list than that of Julian Hawthorne's 'Nathaniel Hawthorne and His Wife.'

Mr. Henry James has named the forthcoming volume of his international story 'Tales of Three Cities.' It will be published by James R. Osgood & Co.; as will also Edmund Quincy's 'Stories and Sketches,' Cable's 'Doctor Sevier' and Edgar Fawcett's 'The Adventures of a Widow.'

The John W. Lovell Co. will issue in a day or two a twenty-cent Life of Cleveland, by Deshler Welch, a young journalist.

The Studio (second series), edited by Clarence Cook and published by Mr. Gaston L. Feuardent at No. 30 Lafayette Place, made its first appearance last Saturday. Mr. Cook contributes a promising salutary and some interesting criticisms of the statues recently unveiled in this city and Hartford. *The Studio* has a bright and pleasant face, and with so eminent an art-critic as Mr. Cook at its head ought to find many hundreds of readers.

The municipal authorities of Paris have named certain new streets after Darwin, George Sand, Sainte-Beuve, Heine and Gustave Doré.

Mrs. F. M. Wright, of Detroit, sends this note:—How strangely people's powers of description vary! Mr. Bishop's sketch of 'Choy Susan' in the July *Atlantic* has been highly praised; and yet to my mind it was so entirely lacking in local-color, that if the name of the place where the events of the story were supposed to have occurred had not been mentioned, it would certainly never have occurred to me, for there was nothing in the description that brought the faintest recollection of it to my mind. It might not have had that effect on every one who was familiar with Monterey, but it certainly had on me.—In Julian Hawthorne's 'Fortune's Fool,' there is an amusing anachronism. The hero visited San Francisco in 1847, and being attired in the garb of the Indian tribe among whom he had been living, is represented as attracting a great deal of attention. This may have been the case, though I fancy that dress was not very critically noticed by the men of the Pacific coast at that date; but when his embarrassment is described as having been increased by the attention it attracted among the ladies, I feel like suggesting that if Mr. Hawthorne had ascertained the number of women who were in San Francisco in that year, he might have spared his hero's blushes.

Henry Laube, the poet, whose death was announced last week, had just commenced work upon a new edition of Heine.

'Dr. Mark Pattison, Rector of Lincoln College, Oxford, a man of singular charm of character, who died on Wednesday of last week, was little known by the general public,' says Mr. Smalley, 'though the author of several admirable books, but was profoundly respected and admired at the University and in the literary world. He was among England's best scholars of any age, and probably originated the most of what is best in recent educational reforms.'

Mr. W. S. Kennedy writes from Boston to protest against the demolition of the birthplace of Dr. Holmes. 'Shall it be said by our descendants,' he exclaims, 'that we allowed this picturesque relic—this house where General Artemas Ward planned the occupation of Bunker Hill, where Washington died, Warren was entertained, and Benedict Arnold received his first commission—to be the prey of bad taste or greed, and no voice raised against the deed? Already the locks, the old-fashioned knockers, the wrought-iron fixtures, and the fireplaces have been removed or torn up. But just now there is a pause. The Harvard College authorities, who own the building, have called a halt. The house need not be destroyed. Only the ground timbers are decayed; the uprights are sound as a nut. If it is thought necessary to remove the house on account of the obstruction of the view from the new Law School in the rear (a totally insufficient reason, in my opinion), let it be at least moved entire to a spot near at hand; the College owns ground enough. For my part, I should as soon see the Old Manse of Concord, or the Craigie House of Cambridge go down, as the "Old Gambrel-Roofed House."

The Jewish Messenger in its issue of August 8th publishes interesting selections from Berthold Auerbach's 'Letters,' translated from the German. They describe the novelist's visit to Holland in 1878, and give new information respecting Spinoza.

'The King's Men: A Tale of To-morrow,' by Robert Grant, John Boyle O'Reilly, J. S. of Dale and John T. Wheelwright, will be published to-day by Charles Scribner's Sons.

Charles G. Leland will contribute a curious paper to the September *Century*, on the Legends of the Passamaquoddy. It will be illustrated by drawings on birch bark, by a Quâdi Indian.

'On the Frontier,' a little volume containing Bret Harte's last three stories—'At the Mission of San Carmel,' 'A Blue Grass Penelope' and 'Left Out on Lone Star Mountain,'—is just issued by Houghton, Mifflin & Co.

Ernest Ingersoll, in the September *Manhattan*, under the title of 'A Californian Acadia,' will narrate the romantic story of the Russian occupation of a part of the coast of California.

Funk & Wagnalls announce that, owing to the favor with which 'Mumu,' by Tourguenoff has been received, they will soon publish two more of the Russian novelist's works—'An Unfortunate Woman' and 'Assya,'—neither of which has ever before been translated into English.

G. P. Putnam's Sons will publish immediately 'The Life and Public Services of Grover Cleveland,' by Pendleton King. Special consideration will be given to the more noteworthy of the Governor's veto messages, both in Buffalo and in Albany, which are of present interest in connection with his candidacy for the Presidency. The book has Mr. Cleveland's approval.

Frank Stockton has returned from Europe and gone to Virginia.

Recent announcements of Scribner & Welford are: 'The Characters of Jean La Bruyère,' new and complete translation from the French, with notes and an introductory notice by Henri Van Laun, with twenty-four etchings by MM. V. Foulquier and B. Damman. 'The Poetical Works of Lord Byron,' with original and additional notes, in twelve volumes, uniform with the 'Handy Volume Edition of Shakespeare.' 'Memoirs of the Reign of George the Second, from His Accession to the Death of Queen Caroline,' by John, Lord Hervey, edited from the original manuscript at Ickworth, by John Wilson Croker, uniform with 'Wraxall's Historical Memoirs.' 'English Caricature and Satire on Napoleon the First,' by John Ashton, with 120 illustrations from the originals. 'Outlines of Historic Ornament,' translated from the German, edited by Gilbert R. Redgrave, and 'The Empire of the Hittites,' by William Wright, D.D., with decipherment of Hittite inscriptions, by Professor A. H. Sayce, LL.D.; a Hittite map, by Col. Sir Charles Wilson, and Capt. Condor; and a complete set of Hittite inscriptions, revised by W. H. Rylands, F.S.A.

Miss Kate Sanborn has nearly ready for the press 'The Wit and Humor of American Women.' Many authors have kindly put their books at her disposal to be used in preparing this volume, and she would be glad to hear from those who have thus far failed to do so. Any printed extracts from their writings addressed to Miss Sanborn at Hanover, N. H., will be promptly returned if not found available.

Mme. Gautier's 'Poèmes de la Libellule,' announced in our last issue, will not be published unless 500 subscriptions are pledged in advance.

Dr. Ward will sail for Europe early in September, to take the leadership of the Catherine Wolfe Exploring Expedition to Babylonia.

'Sermons of Bishop Simpson,' late senior Bishop of the Methodist Episcopal Church, edited by Dr. Crooks, will soon be issued by the Harpers.

'The Witchery of Archery' is a very interesting article by C. J. Longman in *Longman's Magazine* for August. (International News Co.) It is founded on Maurice Thompson's book of that name, together with his 'Songs of Fair Weather,' in which he rides the same delightful hobby.

A new edition, now being prepared, of Prof. Nourse's 'American Explorations in the Ice Zones' will contain some account of the Greely Expedition.

Prof. James C. Van Benschoten—not 'Deuschoten' as a valued contemporary prints it—late Professor of Greek at Wesleyan University, has gone to Athens to succeed Prof. Gildersleeve in charge of the American School.

D. Van Nostrand sends us a catalogue of Weale's Series of rudimentary scientific, educational and classical works.

Dr. Robert Collyer is writing a series of 'Notes from My Notebook' for *The Current*.

William T. Comstock of No. 6 Astor Place, this city, issues a little book on 'Cottages,' to which different New York architects contribute twenty-four plates of medium and low-cost houses, with working plans of the interior, to which is added a chapter on sanitary questions relating to country houses. The designs for semi-detached cottages are especially unique and attractive, preserving the effect of one large house.

'Nothing succeeds like success.' From *The Publishers' Circular* we learn 'that a compliment has just been paid to 'Hugh Conway' (Mr. Fred Fargus) by his native city of Bristol. The author of 'Called Back' was entertained at a public banquet on the occasion of his leaving to take up literature as a profession in London. Mr. Fargus has received a commission to write a story for the Christmas number of *The English Illustrated Magazine*. He is also to write a story for the Christmas number of *The Graphic*, and will, as usual, be a contributor to the *Bristol Christmas Annual* (Arrowsmith's), in which his abilities as a story writer were first discovered to the public, a year or so ago.

Mr. F. Pitman (London) announces the publication of 'The Musical Artists' (literary and musical), Lecturers' and Entertainers' Guide, and Entrepreneurs' Directory,' under the patronage of Sir G. A. Macfarren.

The Athenaeum says in a review of Underwood's Life of Whittier: 'Mr. Whittier's name will always stand high in the rank of American poets. If he lacks something of Longfellow's grace, Longfellow, on the other hand, has none of his fire; and if he is less stately than Bryant, he is much more spontaneous. A writer who can be pure, yet not cold, religious, yet not didactic, who is swift of thought and sure of touch, claims—what he has so largely received—respect and admiration.'

The centenary of Diderot was celebrated in Paris on Sunday, July 27.

It is not pure philanthropy that prompts the managers of the New York, West Shore, and Buffalo Railway to issue, in pretty paper covers, a guide to the Hudson and the Catskills. But the result, rather than the motive, is the thing to be considered, and there is surely no more legitimate way of pushing the business of a railroad than by calling attention to the beauties of the landscape through which it passes. Fortunately for the West Shore, the natural beauties and historical associations of the Hudson are too familiar to call for present eulogy; the purpose of this pamphlet being merely to remind the world that another route has been added to those by which tourists have been wont to reach the Headquarters of Washington, the haunts of Rip van Winkle, and the fairy glades where 'The Culprit Fay' and his companions held their moonlight revels.

The Critic and Good Literature

Number 32

The Free Parliament.

[Communications must be accompanied with the name and address of the correspondent, not necessarily for publication. Correspondents answering or referring to any question are requested to give the number of the question for convenience of reference.]

QUESTIONS.

No. 764.—In the scene 'The Village School' in 'The Golden Legend' of Longfellow, the following passage-at-arms occurs between the child Jesus and Rabbi Ben Israel who is teaching him the alphabet:

JESUS. What Aleph means I fain would know

Before I any farther go.

RABBI. O, by St. Peter! I wouldst thou so?

Will some one kindly explain, in Mr. Longfellow's behalf, how it came to

pass that the Rabbi swore by any saint at all, and tell what particular Peter

was a saint when Jesus was a child.

NEW YORK CITY.

J. L. A.

No. 765.—Would you kindly favor me by publishing a list of W. M. Thackeray's Works, as near complete as possible?

SOMERVILLE, MASS.

L. E. LYMAN.

[The desired information will have to be sought in some book of reference such, for instance, as Davenport Adams's 'Dictionary of English Literature.' We should like to oblige you, but cannot spare the space.]

No. 766.—Can you tell me who publishes the 'Teaching of the Twelve Apostles,' recently reviewed in *THE CRITIC*?

J. H.

[The first American house to publish this book in its entirety, giving both the Greek original and a translation made by competent American scholars, was that of Chas. Scribner's Sons. See other pages of this week's *Critic*.]

No. 767.—1. When an author wishes to collect into a volume his magazine contributions (for which he has been paid), what is his method of procedure? Does he pay the magazines, or do they give him the privilege? 2. What becomes of the many books daily received by critics? Do they own such books, or are they the property of the periodical for which the critic writes? 3. Where can I find some such lines as these—

A quiet nook
Where shadows dream, and on whose sabbath shore
Whispers the reverent wave?

INQUIRER.

[1. We believe that, in the absence of any agreement, the right to republish lies with the publisher. Where there has been no agreement, it is an act of courtesy when the publisher resigns this right to the author. It is, of course, an easy matter for the author to reserve the right of republication. 2. The rules of different newspaper offices in regard to this matter vary.]

No. 768.—I understand that there is a Lecture Bureau in New York through which arrangements can be made with lecturers. As we wish to get up a course here during the fall and winter, I take the liberty of asking you if you can give me the address.

KNOXVILLE, TENN.

W. S. M.

[Address the Redpath Lyceum Bureau, Boston, Mass.]

No. 769.—I should like to obtain the name and address of the lady who wrote 'No Sect in Heaven.'

HANOVER, N. H.

KATE SANBORN.

No. 770.—Who wrote the following lines?

O for a mint to mould the world anew,
And melt the mark of gentlemen from clowns!
Here's a fellow, etc.

LEXINGTON VA.

F.

ANSWERS.

No. 751.—The large organ of the Boston Music Hall was sold and removed under the mistaken notion that it would be better to utilize the room it occupied for seats and a stage adapted to operatic or dramatic performances. The result has been a division of the community, with much the larger part opposed to the removal. But the Music Hall corporation stock was bought—the greater part of it, at least—by the Mr. Higginson who has given us symphony concerts at a loss of \$40,000 in one year, so that many do not denounce his action as severely as they otherwise would. It is true that the organ was out of order.

BOSTON, MASS.

C. E. H.

No. 760.—Thibaut's 'Purity in Musical Art; translated from the German; with a prefatory memoir by W. H. Gladstone, M.P.' was published in 1877 by Murray of London, at 7s. 6d. It can be procured through any importer for about \$2.50.

LIBRARY OF CORNELL UNIVERSITY, ITHACA, N. Y. HORACE KEPHARAY.

No. 763.—President Lincoln's address at Gettysburg (1864) may be found in a Life of Abraham Lincoln, by Isaac N. Arnold. WESTPORT, PA.

W. W. DEVEREUX.